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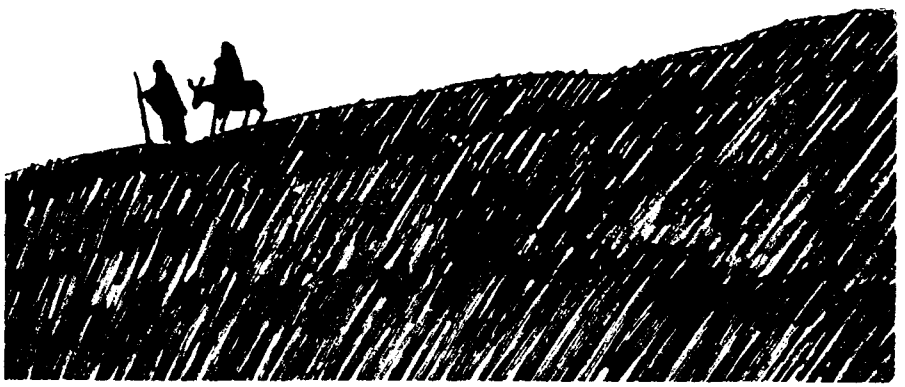

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PEACE?

THE FUTILITY OF BOMBING

Jeremy Stone

DISARMAMENT—NOT NOW

Norma Krause Herzfeld

PEACE AND THE BISHOPS

James O'Gara

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Paul Goodman on Un-mayor Buckley

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Incidental information: There are about three murders a week in Great Britain. There are two murders a day in New York City.

•

Reinhold Niebuhr on Vietnam:

"The Administration's defense of our idealistic unselfishness in championing the cause of this little nation in its contest against its northern Communist neighbor does not admit that the northern neighbor is merely one half of a partitioned nation. Nor do we acknowledge that our stake in the struggle is our prestige as an imperial power. We are, in fact, one of the two modern imperial powers with anti-imperialistic ideologies —the one drawn from Lenin, the other from Wilson."

•

Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass, did a nine-month study of traffic accidents for the American Manufacturers Association. Some of the findings:

*Police crackdowns and National Safety Council campaigns against drunken and speeding drivers are ineffective.

*Speeding is not a significant factor in accidents, but driving out of relation to the traffic pattern (slower or faster) is a factor.

*Statements that driver error causes 80 to 90 percent of all car accidents are "simplistic and unsubstantial."

*Causes of accidents as reported by police and the National Safety Council are meaningless.

*Evidence does not show that tranquilizers or drugs contribute to accidents —but it does show that drug addicts have lower accident rates on the road than non-addicts.

•

At a recent press conference during the annual bishops' meeting in Washington, an episcopal spokesman explained to a questioner that no laymen were in on the meeting because it was, after all, a meeting of bishops, and besides, laymen had never been invited before. At another press conference—in Ottawa, during the Canadian bishops' annual meeting—Archbishop Pocock of Toronto announced that lay experts would be invited to many (but not all) sessions of the bishops, and that the hierarchy was studying a plan to invite non-Catholics as well. The Archbishop said he thought this idea would be approved in principle.

•

Internationalization of the Curia: Father Pedro Rodriguez in the Spanish *Opus Dei* periodical *Palabra*, notes that of the 47 nuncios and internuncios around the world, 41 are Italian.

•

Best news of the week: The Maryland Court of appeals has ruled that a Woman's Army Corps sergeant may adopt a Woman's Army Corps captain. This is a great relief to Sergeant Dorothy Libertini, who wants to adopt Capt. Frances Hagler, 35.

•

Some facts on air pollution:

*New York City alone pumps into the air each day a total of 18 million pounds of pollutants. According to Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review* and chairman of the New York task force on pollution, "The Average New Yorker has to contend with five times his own weight each year in noxious and obnoxious material." Just breathing for a day in Manhattan, according to another report, is the equivalent of smoking two packs of cigarettes.

*More than 200 million tons of chemical junk are pumped into the air annually in the United States, from open fires, incinerators, auto exhausts, smokestacks, etc.

*The greatest source of air pollution —gasoline consumption in cars—doubled from 1925 to 1945, and quadrupled from 1945 to 1965. The prospect by 1980 is for 100 million cars on the highways. What would be gained by fitting every American car with an effective anti-pollutant device is likely to be more than offset, as far as pollution goes, by the increase in the number of cars in use. Each car, without an anti-pollutant device produces an average of seven pounds of waste each day.

*The burning of plastic materials has been discovered to give off phosgene, which was used as a poison gas in World War I.

*Emphysema, chronic bronchitis and other lung diseases—all affected by air pollution—have shown alarming increases. Deaths from emphysema have quadrupled during the past decade and more than 7 percent of all social security disability payments ($80 million a year) goes to emphysema victims.

•

More incidental information: Worldwide, one out of every eight Catholic bishops is over 75 years old, Pope Paul's suggested retirement age. Only about one out of nine is 50 or younger. In Europe, one out of every five is over the retirement age, and in Italy it is one out of four. . . . According to the London *Tablet*, Soviet President Podgorny and Foreign Minister Gromyko will be received by Pope Paul in January or February. . . . Bishop James Pike says that if he is defrocked by his fellow Episcopalian bishops, he will become a "fellow traveler" of the Catholic Church.

•

Two more papal warnings:

Vatican City (RNS) Dec. 7—Pope Paul VI, in a message to the bishops of Holland, called for a halt to "certain ill-advised and erroneous opinions which at this time have obscured . . . the purity of the Catholic faith on some points and troubled the firmness and serenity of many believing Catholics."

Vatican City (RNS) Dec. 8— . . . (The Pope) warned, as he has repeatedly done in the past, against post-conciliar doctrinal and other "excesses." . . . Pope Paul went on to exhort the faithful, now that the Council is over, to be careful not to fall into two errors concerning it. . .

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Religion and War"

St. Mary's College, Calif.

To the Editors: Father Schall ("Religion and War," November 18) says what we theologians have been saying with regard to Vatican II's statement on war and peace, but painfully, since it so violently contradicts the Gospel texts. We see the perfect logic and commanding assent of our worldview of power and Christian ethics. And yet, even the most "realistic" of us are uneasy over this whole mental construct. The last sentence of the article is the most poignant: "If the religious mind of our time does not allow man to defend what is noblest in him, will there be any future faith which is based on the possibility of freedom?"

Indeed, as it stands, the conclusion is blasphemous. The whole of the New Testament, its inception as well as its growth, was under totalitarianism. The real theological question, therefore, is perhaps just the opposite of Father's conclusion: Is any future faith possible—or its understanding—in a regime of democratic freedom such as we enjoy in the West?

(REV.) PETER J. RIGA

Hollis, N.Y.

To the Editors: . . . Father Schall writes: "The attacking or even killing of a man beating an innocent child is violent and painful, it is not sinful." In a society which tries to live by rule of law one's first duty is to restrain lawless men. It is true, however, that given the weapons and a taste for blood it is easier to "attack and even kill" lawless men. Evidently this inept, simplistic analogy is offered as a painless means of illustrating for readers the right of our country to intervene in whatever critical danger spots we choose.

It is a shame that a trained intelligence should thus make light of its responsibility and unleash such a barrage of oversimplification, misrepresentation and innuendo. Father Schall chooses not to give credence to reports of American reluctance to enter into serious negotiations

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GETTING OUT

The United States should get out of Vietnam: it should seek whatever safety it can for our allies; it should arrange whatever international face-saving is possible; and, even at the cost of a Communist victory, the United States should withdraw. The war in Vietnam is an unjust one. We mean that in its most profound sense: what is being done there, despite the almost certain good intentions of those doing it, is a crime and a sin. At a moment when claims of military victory are drowning out quiet admissions that the war cannot be settled for years, this conclusion must be affirmed and reaffirmed.

We have not reached this conclusion because we are pacifists. The moral problem of warfare is bound up with the moral problem of the existence of evil. And the almost incredible apparitions of evil mankind has witnessed within the last half-century, in this nation as well as others, convince us there are moments when force must be met with force.

Nor do we believe there is nothing at stake in Southeast Asia. Vietnamese —on both sides—are fighting for their lives and for their right to live unmolested in their homeland. The threat presented by China, swiftly adding nuclear weapons to its chauvinist ideology and cult of the will, is a real one, not the product of anti-Communist imaginations. To measure these stakes against one another, and against the horror of the war, is a miserable and difficult task, but it is not "blasphemy, while the killing goes on," as a few have maintained. It involves surveying a host of often contradictory political and military reports; it involves numerous subjective judgments; but it remains the only way we know for men to make moral decisions in an ambiguous world.

Measured not by declared intentions but by past performance, a Communist victory in South Vietnam would most likely mean a rigorous dictatorship, bloody liquidation of dissenters, and a certain amount of social and

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economic reform. By the same standards, a Saigon victory will probably mean a looser form of authoritarian government, suppression of radical dissent rather than its liquidation, and little alteration in the status quo. On the level of world politics, a U.S. withdrawal could lead China to tragically miscalculate American determination in some "eyeball to eyeball" nuclear confrontation of the future. But to be honest, one must admit that any nearly total success of American policy in Vietnam is as likely to lead to a tragic miscalculation on our side. Already some dismiss all too cavalierly China's willingness to fight beyond its borders. However important the fate of the Vietnamese people and the balance of power in Asia, it seems they are but ambiguously served by American policy.

In brief, the outcome in Southeast Asia will make a difference. But not the decisive difference needed to justify a war which may last longer than any America has ever fought, employ more U.S. troops than in Korea, cost more than all the aid we have ever given to developing nations, drop more bombs than were used against the Japanese in World War II, and kill and maim far more Vietnamese than a Communist regime would have liquidated—and still not promise a definite outcome. The disproportion between ends and means has grown so extreme, the consequent deformation of American foreign and domestic policy so radical, that the Christian cannot consider the Vietnam war merely a mistaken government measure to be amended eventually but tolerated meanwhile. The evil outweighs the good. This is an unjust war. The United States should get out.

But is there not a "third way," a negotiated compromise which means less than total success and less than total failure for both sides? Indeed over the years numerous "third ways" have been proposed. An independent South Vietnam joined to the North (and to the U.S.) in a great Mekong River development project was one such conception. Today many contemplate a neutralized Vietnam with a coalition government in Saigon including the National Liberation Front—another "third way." But none of these proposals has become a reality. And none appears likely to do so. More and more doubts surround the expressed willingness of Washington to negotiate a settlement; but there is even less evidence that Hanoi has wanted to talk, at least since 1965 when near-victory slipped out of Vietcong fingertips. To demand a negotiated settlement, supporting the war only in the meantime and only to this end, makes sense if a negotiated settlement is truly in sight. Otherwise, the "meantime" stretches out into five, eight, ten years. One's moral and political judgment is rendered hostage to the fanaticism of Washington and Hanoi.

This does not mean that opponents of the war should cease to point out and encourage every move toward settlement. They should simply make clear that the basic injustice of this war consists in things other than whether it is the fault of Hanoi or Washington that an attempt at negotiation may break down. There are things that Washington could do, even within the narrow range of its present policy, to bring the Vietnamese war closer to an end:

The holiday cease-fire should be prolonged as long as possible. The bombing of North Vietnam should be halted, and the Russians assured there will be no threat of renewing it if they apply all their influence to bringing Hanoi to the negotiating table.

The Saigon military regime tail must cease to wag the U.S.—or for that matter, Vietnamese—dog. There is currently much talk about a "new" war in Vietnam, one in which U.S. troops are winning the day militarily. If only, adds a weak, small voice, social and political reforms can now get under way! That weak, small voice has been repeating the same message for years. And despite the current burst of enthusiasm for retraining and redeploying the South Vietnamese army for "pacification" purposes, there is little hard evidence that this latest effort will be different from past ones. Saigon must dedicate itself to a genuine land reform benefiting the peasants, pledge the maintenance of land distribution carried out by the Vietcong, and develop an honest administration.

At the least, measures such as these will benefit the Vietnamese people; at the most, they might strengthen the Saigon government to the point where the Vietcong would decide it had better negotiate quickly before all is lost, and where Saigon itself would consider a coalition government a possibility.

Saigon need never take such steps, of course, as long as it knows the United States will stay no matter what. Washington should privately warn the Ky administration that it had better produce results soon lest the U.S. reconsider its commitment. Rumors of such a warning might indeed delay negotiations while the Vietcong and Hanoi waited to see whether Saigon could do the job, but at present it looks as if the Vietcong and Hanoi are doing exactly this anyway. Furthermore, such rumors could prepare U.S. public opinion for greeting any eventual withdrawal as justified, not because "our boys" couldn't win but because the Saigon government didn't do its share.

Finally, the United States must de-escalate its settlement demands. So must Hanoi. But de-escalation on the American side would mean a frank and open willingness to negotiate with the National Liberation Front. It would mean acceptance of the fact that there must be a recognized role for organized left-wing and Communist forces in the political life of any post-settlement South Vietnam.

These suggestions are not new nor are they at all sure-fire. Should they fail, they do not justify going on with this immoral war. They are simply the very least that can be done.

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BERKELEY, 1966

As a symbol, the University of California at Berkeley comes off a bit more richly than the reality. It is not true that the majority of students there live only for protest, sex and LSD; in fact, the fraternity and sorority system, bastions of Rotarian prepmanship, grows larger, not smaller. It is not true that Berkeley will eventually steal all the faculty members at Harvard and Yale, luring them West with promises of much money and little teaching; in fact, the large private colleges manage now and then to steal some faculty members from Berkeley. It is not true that Mario Savio is a typical ex-student or that Bettina Aptheker is Miss Average Berkeley Coed; in fact, most of the students come from solid middle-class backgrounds and will, soon enough, be pursuing solid middle-class careers. It is not true that the faculty at Berkeley has no contact with the students; in fact, while there is indeed too little contact, there is probably as much at Berkeley as at any other university of comparable size in the U.S.

But symbols are sometimes more important than reality, especially where the direction of student life and American education is concerned. When 814 protesters were arrested at Berkeley in 1964, many commentators spent many thousands of words trying to puzzle out the meaning of it all. No consensus on all the issues was reached, but there was a fair amount on at least some of them: students are becoming increasingly resistant to the large, impersonal "multiversity"; students are coming to believe they have the right to some participation in educational decisions which directly affect them; faculty, students and administrators are all willing to admit that some degree of political activism on campus is healthy for the educational process.

So the conclusions went—hesitant, vague and careful. The only trouble was that no one really knew (or knows) how to turn a very large university into a warm center of interpersonal relations shot through with intellectual rigor and bold political commitment. Faced with social activists more intent on changing society than discussing it, the old notion of the university as a "community of scholars" seemed merely quaint. Faced with professors intent on pursuing their research (the only guaranteed route of academic advancement), the honorable notion of a teacher on one end of a log and a student on the other becomes hopelessly impossible. Where would you store the 27,000 logs which Berkeley would need to pull it off?

Hardly any of these problems were resolved by the 1964 fracas. The students did win the right in 1964 to set up tables on campus to solicit support for various causes and a microphone was made available on the steps of Sproul Hall to allow them to declaim with amplification. They thus demonstrated the power of concerted pressure. But a footnote is vital here: the students won (more or less) in 1964 because they had unity and a good cause, that of free speech. They also had considerable faculty support, administrative uncertainty and a reasonably favorable press going for them.

The 1966 protest and strike is a different matter. Mario Savio came back to Berkeley shorn of some of his old glamor. Refused re-admission by the administration at Berkeley after a year's absence, he was reduced to the rank of an outsider, a potent one, but still an outsider. Moreover, the strike this time around did not have a wide base of support, partially because the inciting cause (arrests stemming from a protest over a Navy recruitment booth) apparently could not elicit the 1964 fervor, and partially because the administration took a tough line against student and faculty supporters. After the faculty and the official student organization voted against the strike, all was up. In contrast with 1964, then, it was the administration which came out on top. And with the advent of a far less sympathetic board of regents, with shouts and screams from Mr. Reagan, Max Rafferty and others, and with a deflated group of student (and non-student) leaders, it is likely that the administration will stay on top.

That may be a great loss. True, the staging of mass protests and student strikes is highly disruptive of academic life. True, the rights of non-students to make demands of an institution of which they are not a part is dubious. True, those most vocal and active in pressing attacks on the administration at Berkeley are a minority and probably not representative of total student opinion.

But these objections miss the main point. That point is the future of American higher education. What the protesters see clearly enough is that the university (any university) cannot allow itself to be victimized by society —even the society which supports it with tax money. In the case of Berkeley, the university was being victimized by the pressures of a society intent upon feeding passive graduates into the consuming jaws of the industrial-technological behemoth which dominates American life. It was being victimized by a public opinion which, while objecting to the academic "ivory tower" on the one hand, actually prefers it that way on the other. This list of complaints could be continued indefinitely. Beside them, the hand-wringing indulged in by respectable citizens over beards, sandals and unruly students seems positively trivial.

Christmas Schedule

In accordance with growing magazine practice, COMMONWEAL omits one issue during the Christmas season. The next issue will be that dated January 6. To all our readers, our very best wishes for a happy and holy Christmas.

THE EDITORS

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

PEACE AND THE BISHOPS

War is essentially repugnant to the Christian spirit—a fact which make the two articles elsewhere in these pages about disarming and mass bombing particularly relevant in a Christmas issue. I am not forgetting that the Church has canonized warrior saints, but this does not seem to me an overwhelming argument. When St. Thomas asked if war was always sinful, his answer was no, but there is surely something significant about the very way he phrased the question.

Christians, then, must be peacemakers, and indeed the only justification for war, morally or politically, is that it be waged to create peace. In this peacemaking role all Christians must be united. Some of us are pacifists, and some are not, I included. But none of us can evade our duty to work for peace.

It is this emphasis that I see in the statement on peace issued at the recent meeting of the Conference of Catholic Bishops. In its headline the N.Y. *Times* emphasized that the bishops supported the war in Vietnam, and possibly this emphasis was found in other papers around the country. In any case, the Washington chapter of the Catholic Peace Fellowship responded quickly and unfavorably, issuing a sharply critical reaction. Perhaps such a reception was inevitable, but it seems to me the bishops' statement contains much that deserves careful study.

As far as Vietnam is concerned, the statement says: "Americans can have confidence in the sincerity of their leaders as long as they work for a just peace in Vietnam." The underlying question, then, is one of fact: are our leaders working for peace? The bishops think so. They say about U.S. officials: "Their efforts to find a solution to the present impasse are well known." But the bishops go on to say in the next sentence: "We realize that citizens of all faiths and of differing political loyalties honestly differ among themselves over the moral issues involved in this tragic conflict." At the same time, "while we do not claim to be able to resolve these issues authoritatively, in the light of the facts as they are known to us it is reasonable to argue that our presence in Vietnam is justified."

In one sense, this is not much to claim. "It is reasonable to argue that our presence in Vietnam is justified." In another sense, this is the heart of the problem, and one can see why the Catholic peace group is unhappy with it. Catholic tradition supports the idea of using force to aid the innocent, but other conditions must be met if the war is to be just. The bishops' statement says nothing about the high proportion of civilian casualties; it says nothing about defoliation and crop destruction; it says nothing about bombing North Vietnam or even about the napalm bombing of South Vietnamese villages. It is on points like these that the war is rejected by many who accept some form of the traditional Catholic rules for just war, and I can see why failure to mention them would leave the Catholic Peace Fellowship unhappy.

With all this said, though, there is much about the bishops' statement that is worth emphasizing—worth emphasizing because too many American Catholics automatically support their country in these situations without second thought. And for all its failings, the stress of the bishops' message was on the need to work for peace.

There was, first of all, a reminder of personal responsibility which cannot be evaded or transferred—even to the bishops. "While we cannot resolve all the issues involved in the Vietnam conflict, it is clearly our duty to insist that they be kept under constant moral scrutiny. No one is free to evade his personal responsibility by leaving it entirely to others to make moral judgments."

The bishops cited the fact that the Vatican Council commended those citizens who defend their nation against aggression, but they also pointed out the Council plea for the right to conscientious objection by those who have moral objections to bearing arms. This too is progress.

The bishops do say that it is reasonable to argue that our presence in Vietnam is justified. They continue, however, with this: "But we cannot stop here. While we can conscientiously support the position of our country in the present circumstances, it is the duty of everyone to search for other alternatives. And everyone—government leaders and citizens alike—must be prepared to change our course whenever a change in circumstances warrants it." And on this point of openness the bishops say: ". . . we are also bound always to make sure that our government does, in fact, pursue every possibility which offers even the slightest hope of a peaceful settlement. And we must clearly protest whenever there is a danger that the conflict will be escalated beyond morally acceptable limits."

In the end the bishops ask support for the Pope's plea for a Christmas cease-fire, with the hope that it may open the way to a lasting peace, and they remind us all that we must work to create a climate of peace: "In the spirit of Christ, the Christian must be the persistent seeker in the Gospel, the man willing to walk the second mile (cf. Matt. 5:42). He walks prudently, but he walks generously and he asks that all men do the same." On this, at least, all can agree that here the bishops have given us a good text for Christmas meditation. JAMES O'GARA

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WHY BOMB NORTH VIETNAM?

JEREMY STONE

Why bomb North Vietnam? The U.S. answer must be that the action will either decisively devastate or decisively demoralize. Either way, peace is that much closer. Yet each of the recent major wars has disappointed similar hopes.

It was the founding father of the airpower school, Giulio Douhet, who first realized that air offense would prevail over air defense, but he concluded too enthusiastically that the bomber would create destruction sufficiently rapidly to preclude appreciable material repairs, or recoveries from adverse effects on morale. By 1942, spiritual descendants of Douhet, like Major Alexander P. DeSeversky, described conventional bombing in terms we now believe to be appropriate only to nuclear attacks. Giant bombers, each carrying 50 tons of high explosives and a hailstorm of light incendiary bombs, would converge on North America wreaking havoc beyond description not only on vital strategic objectives but on objectives of a sentimental character. Demoralized, the country would begin to wish for the land invasion that it had feared; paralyzed, it would then give up the hopeless struggle.

What has experience shown? In World War II, neither British willingness to fight, nor its ability to do so, was decisively affected by German bombing; and from a psychological point of view, it is likely that the bombing made British capitulation or compromise impossible so long as British resistance could continue.

Nevertheless the British thought that their bombing would hopelessly disrupt German war production or at least destroy German willingness to follow Hitler. Webster and Franklin's British history of strategic bombing contrasts the initial British optimism on the first count with the "negligible" results in 1940-41, and with "some substantial damage . . . if not such as had any appreciable effect on war production" in 1942. When it became evident that strikes against armament would be insufficiently effective, these misconceptions concerning morale led to indiscriminate bombing of worker's homes. But already by late 1942, British authorities began to place emphasis only on the "nervous strain" that the bombing would cause—an admission that serious morale problems arising from the bombing were not about to materialize. Indeed, German morale was never a serious problem to Nazi authorities and figured in no way in the collapse of Germany. Moreover, at the end of the war, the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey showed that German arms production (in tons) increased by a factor of three as the bombs dropped on it rose steadily by a factor of eight. Nor would the arms production have been much greater in the absence of bombing—graphical estimates suggest that the bombing reduced production only by about 5 to 15 percent with the lower figure applying to the later period of more intense bombing (and higher production).

In Japan, the economic dislocations of the war were brought about not only by direct bombing but also by a combined air and sea blockade that complicates the analysis of the effect of either. The U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey felt that the raids had turned "slow strangulation" into a "relatively quick knockout;" whether conventional bombing by itself would have been enough is somewhat unclear. But as far as morale is concerned, studies indicate that the Emperor's decision to surrender was initially greeted with surprise and regret and that most of the population would have passively faced death if the Emperor had ordered them to.

JEREMY STONE *is the author of the recently published book,* Containing the Arms Race *(M.I.T. Press).*

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In Korea, it took no time at all for bombing to reduce North Korea's industry to rubble and to keep it that way. Thereafter in Operation Strangle, the UN command tried to paralyze the Communist rear by attacking bridges, rail lines, ferries, troop columns and convoys in the hope, as historian General S.L.A. Marshall put it, "that if the Communist army were to be deprived of fighting supply, its leaders would have to make peace quickly." He notes: "But it was not that simple." North Korea moved its men, and jerry-rigged its transportation network, at night. And he notes that our later attack on North Korea's power faculty—destroying 90 percent of its capacity—brought no measurable decline of Communist strength.

North Vietnam is now suffering bombing that has parallels in these attacks on Britain, Germany, Japan and North Korea. Compared to these cases, the attacking plans are still more invulnerable. Yet the overall chances for "victory through airpower" seem considerably smaller.

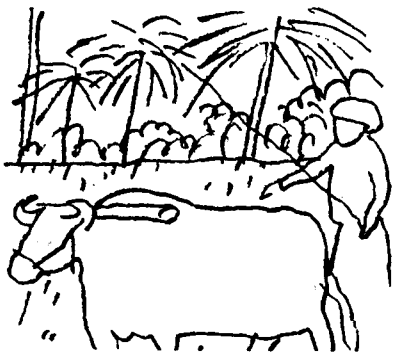
U.S. Limitations

First of all, there are the moral limitations on our strategy. We are not willing to try to "bomb them back into the stone age" as at least one air general has advocated. Secretary McNamara testified in late January, 1966 that no purpose would be served even by attacking the North Vietnamese industry since they are "not producing the hardware which is being infiltrated from North Vietnam into the South." And were we to undertake more general attacks, it seems likely that such a primitive economy would be able to absorb them until they approached genocidal proportions. In any case, unlike the British or German situations, there is not much hope in ending the war by attempts to break down popular morale.

Second, the narrow military goals of the bombing are either not attainable or not important. Shortly after bombing became general, Secretary McNamara said, on April 26, 1965, that the bombings were supposed to "impede the infiltration" and thus to "make the difference between a situation which is manageable and one which is not manageable by the South Vietnamese Government."

We certainly tried. Ten months later, the U.S. Air Force could report flying 10,570 tactical sorties over North Vietnam destroying among other things 315 bridges, 310 barges, 215 boxcars, and 31 trucks. They attacked ferry complexes on 243 occasions, cratered 106 river fords, cut roads at 2,050 places and railroad lines at 286. By February, 1966, tons of bombs dropped per month were twice that expended at the height of the Korean war and climbing. The bombing plan for all of 1966 was said by the Secretary of Defense to be 638,000 tons compared, as Bernard Fall points out, to the 600,000 tons expended during all of World War II throughout the entire Pacific Theater.

But the situation has not become "manageable by the South Vietnamese Government." Quite the contrary. In July, 1966 Secretary McNamara announced that truck movements into the South had doubled as against the same period of time in 1965; daily tonnages of supplies moved South had increased 150% and of personnel 120%. North Vietnamese strength in the South was thought to have doubled in the first five months of 1966. And by November, official statistics showed infiltration of troops from North Vietnam to South Vietnam to be more than triple what it had been reported to be before the bombing began in February, 1965. Infiltration had averaged, over the first nine months of 1966, more than 5,300 men per month as against an earlier 1,500.



Of course, we did succeed, presumably, in forcing the infiltrators "off the rails onto the highways and off the highways onto their feet." But this objective of Secretary McNamara's, and related increases in the "cost" to North Vietnam, are of questionable importance. Life will simply become harder for the North Vietnamese citizen, or another 50,000 Chinese will be admitted to North Vietnam to maintain roads, or the Russians will make some offsetting donation, or all three.

There remain the traditional airpower appeals to the destruction of enemy morale now in the guise of "raising the ante" or increasing the "quotient of pain." But these slogans rest on misconceptions. Whatever "pain" North Vietnam is suffering is not transmitted as physical aches to the North Vietnamese Government. Its leadership may react to bombing more like a poker player whose chips are being stolen than like an octopus that has lost a tentacle. And its response might then be no different from that of either Churchill's England or Hitler's Germany—neither leadership would give way so long as the country could function. Since the United States is patently unwilling to attempt to attack the country's social fabric *a la* World War II, U.S. bombing is a fairly obvious bluff from a psychological point of view.

It ought to be noted also that North Vietnamese government committees are more likely to be stampeded by their angry or unyielding members than by their cautious ones—such is human psychology. In situations like these, if the threatening posture won't deter, it may be best to forget about the pain. The bombing punishment itself—in contradistinction to the credible threat of it—can make things worse. Angering opponents with less than decisive acts can be counterproductive.

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The case against strategic bombing of German society rested on moral grounds and on the inefficient allocation of Allied war resources. But in North Vietnam the bombing runs the risk of making a serious political error. If the bombing does not impede infiltration; if it raises the cost to North Vietnam only in ways insignificant, or irrelevant, to Hanoi's decision-making; if it can have no important effect through popular morale; and if our determination to continue is already amply reflected in the hundreds of thousands of troops in South Vietnam, one wonders whether our own bombing is now, or will someday be, a totally unnecessary obstacle to North Vietnamese withdrawal.

In any case, the prospects for victory from the air in Vietnam could hardly have a weaker case in history. Of the instances cited, North Vietnam is the most invulnerable to attacks on its economy; it is being attacked under the most careful restraints; and the activities we oppose are the most difficult to locate and disrupt. Finally, North Vietnam is assisted continuously by allies from a variety of sanctuaries.

In the light of all this, it seems fair to say that our bombing of North Vietnam stems not so much from analysis as from habit. We are doing what comes naturally, "letting them have it," and ignoring potentially important answers to the rhetorically offered question "Why not?".

A non-progress report

DISARMAMENT—NOT NOW

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD

The windows along the sides of the plane are all painted black. A group of fifteen men with heavy blindfolds over their eyes is being escorted into the big Russian jet transport by Russian military guards at Schwechat airport on the edge of Vienna. A small group of officials stands nervously by as the plane takes off for some point in "the great expanse of Russia."

The Man from U.N.C.L.E.? No, basically just one of the many U.S. proposals made by the men from ACDA (Arms Control and Disarmament Agency) to get Russian agreement on some kind of on-site inspections for the enforcement of a complete test-ban treaty. The blindfolded men are international inspectors (perhaps from the International Atomic Energy Agency) trained to examine a site where the U.S. government believes an underground nuclear explosion may have taken place. Technology alone cannot enforce a comprehensive treaty, so the idea of a heavily shrouded, Russian-controlled flight to the suspected site was devised to quiet Russian fears about secrecy and security. So far Russia has shown no interest in such a caper.

Continuing its research on the technical problems of arms control, the U.S. is not yet satisfied that a complete ban on nuclear weapons tests could be enforced by technology alone. The earth's atmosphere, surface and waters can be monitored effectively, but detecting the difference between underground explosions and earthquakes has not yet reached a level of refinement on which the U.S. would peg its security. Officials also want to know more about "decoupling," the process whereby nuclear blasts can be set off in big underground holes or in salt formations (perhaps in other kinds of materials) which mute the usual seismic waves set off by the disturbance. "It is at least conceptually possible," said one Defense Department official, "that a country could carry on a whole underground test program without anybody else ever noticing it, just by firing in cavities."

A great advance in detection and identification capabilities came late in 1965 with the installation of the first LASA (large aperture seismic array) on 10,000 square miles of desolate southeastern Montana prairie. Though highly favored as shelters by indigenous rattlesnakes, the 525 seismometers in 21 clusters 200 to 500 feet deep feed their data into centralized computers and serve a more basic purpose of making more of the previously undetectable underground disturbances detectable and identifiable. When LASA was dedicated, the U.S. invited diplomats and scientists to inspect the facilities and ponder, perhaps, the possibility of a network of such arrangements at ten or twelve strategic spots around the globe which could fully monitor underground events. Russian and other block representatives were included in the invitation, planes were held for them in Washington until the very last minute, but they never came.

The first direct result was the recent dedication on the Greenland Ice Cap by the Danish government of an experimental seismic station to test the suitability of Greenland for a LASA-type installation. Denmark, in fact, named its Station Inge Lehmann in honor of its venerable and distinguished lady seismologist who attended the Montana dedication.

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD *is a free-lance writer whose syndicated column has appeared in various diocesan newspapers.*

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A similar but unrelated effort has been the formation of a "detection club" by an interesting assortment of nations: Sweden, Poland, Rumania, the United Arab Republic, India, Australia, Japan and Canada. Non-nuclear, but with nuclear potential, they have large seismological stations and are exchanging data on underground explosions which should cover a representative part of the globe.

Non-nuclear powers have also proposed a scheme for complete cessation of nuclear weapons tests under a "verification by challenge" system. If a nuclear power believes another has set off an underground test, it challenges that power to "invite" inspection. If the challenge is turned down several times, then the suspicious power is free to abrogate the treaty. The U.S. feels that Russia would be unlikely to issue any invitations and views this as one of the most toothless schemes.

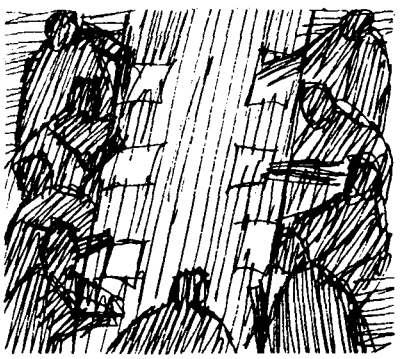
"Threshold" treaties have also been proposed which would limit underground tests to those below an easily identifiable explosive magnitude. These would still make testing possible, however, and the U.S. currently has no such treaty "on the table."

It must be noted that all "disarmament" agreements reached thus far are limited, self-enforcing and/or peripheral. The Antarctic treaty is enforced by inspection and by climate. The UN no-bombs-in-orbit is not a binding treaty and detection or destruction capabilities probably exist. The limited test-ban treaty is unilaterally enforced by U.S. detection technology and the only course open if the treaty is violated is abrogation. Strictly speaking, these are all agreements without teeth.

The more complicated treaty being negotiated on exploration of outer space, the moon and "other celestial bodies" forbids military bases, fortifications, weapons testing and military maneuvers in those areas. While it declares these areas to be the province of all mankind and opens the way for greater space cooperation, it is not enforceable by sanctions and remains a "may request consultation" type of document. Because U.S. astronauts are military officers, the U.S. persuaded Russia to withdraw its proposed ban on military "installations and military personnel." If and when the time came, this could leave a large gap.

Wording and negotiation of the non-proliferation treaty have proliferated. The U.S. has attempted unsuccessfully to allay Russia's suspicions that somehow West Germany will get national control of nuclear weapons. Though the idea of the NATO multilateral force has long since washed down the Potomac, there remains the question of an executive committee (including West Germany) which might share control of the weapons. The U.S. feels that this does not proliferate the number of states or associations with nuclear fire power. Because of Russia's attempts to negotiate over NATO, the U.S. has called for clarification of Russian-bloc arrangements for use of the short-range nuclear missiles deployed by the Warsaw Pact. No Soviet explanations have been heard.

The U.S. has also introduced the problem of nuclear explosions for peaceful uses, pointing out that the technology for peaceful explosions and military explosions is similar. The treaty specifically deals only with "weapons manufacture" technology. If the treaty does not recognize this problem, said a U.S. spokesman, "it would mean that a non-nuclear-weapons state, though undertaking not to acquire nuclear weapons, would be entitled to embark upon a nuclear program to develop highly sophisticated thermonuclear devices [for peaceful explosions], available for use as weapons."



Unless there is tight inspection of atoms-for-peace, weapons are a relatively easy sideline. Recently the International Atomic Energy Agency unanimously adopted more stringent inspection and controls. The only enforcement provision in the non-proliferation treaty binds signatories to "undertake to cooperate in facilitating the application of IAEA or equivalent international safeguards on all peaceful nuclear activities." A state could spend years undertaking, cooperating and finally facilitating.

The non-nuclear-weapons states have also raised their price on a non-proliferation treaty. Led by India, they want the nuclear powers to do some real disarming when the non-nuclear powers foreswear nuclear weapons. The U.S. and Russia have already refused. Threatened nations like India could put little faith in written guarantees by Russia and the U.S. to come automatically to their aid if China should begin on them. Without a great standing military establishment like NATO (which such nations would not want) the deterrent is not credible, and even NATO suffers some credibility gap. I believe they would, however poor, get an immense psychological satisfaction, hitherto denied them in any national task, from the fact that obviously they can't do the job of feeding their people, they can't do the job of economic development, but they *could* do the job of developing nuclear weapons. It is a specific accomplishment, not an open-ended problem like population and starvation. To discourage such moves, the nuclear powers have been urged to present a far more candid picture than they have ever divulged on the fantastic costs of achieving and maintaining "meaningful" membership in the nuclear club.

Actually stopping production of nuclear weapons and delivery systems or cutting back present stocks seems im-

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possible, though the U.S. still has such proposals on the table and constantly suggests new techniques.

Even the conventional arms race has not slowed down. Delegates to the White House Conference on International Cooperation recommended last December that the U.S. seek to establish controls over conventional arms by major-power agreement to keep sophisticated weapons out of other nations' hands, regional non-acquisition agreements, UN-supervised agreements regarding sale and acquisition, and the establishment of a UN monitoring system to record the arms traffic. Scarcely a month later, however, the Defense Department reported to Congress that:

"We also are making an intensified effort to maintain and, if possible, increase the level of receipts from military sales. Since the end of FY 1961, orders, commitments and options for over $9 billion of U.S. military equipment and services have been obtained. In addition to their balance of payments benefits, these sales make a positive contribution to the overall defense posture of the Free World by providing our allies with modern equipment at a cost far less than it would cost them to develop and produce it themselves. Moreover, these sales add to our own economic well-being. For example, they will provide almost $1 billion in profits to U.S. industry and over one million man-years of work to American labor."

Non-nuclear powers have also been seeking a world disarmament conference somewhat apart from the UN to which they could entice China, but China has already turned this down. The U.S. said it had long anticipated the Chinese nuclear-tipped guided missile test, but to get it and its accompanying militant announcement right smack bang in the middle of President Johnson's Asian tour was adding insult to injury. In an interview in July for the Japanese publication, *Chuo Koron,* Secretary of Defense McNamara predicted about China:

"I think she could drop from aircraft unwieldy primitive nuclear weapons sometime within, say, the next couple of years. I think she might develop warheads that could be launched from medium-range ballistic missiles and might acquire a few of these missiles within, let's say, three to five years. And she might develop a very small force of intercontinental-range ballistic missiles, that could conceivably attack the heartland of the Soviet Union or the United States within about ten years." He gave her a decade to become a real threat, but she seems to be ahead of schedule.

With Russia destroying the nuclear stalemate by deploying its anti-ballistic missile defense system, the U.S. is under the greatest pressure to join the new spiral by deploying its own Nike-X ballistic-missile defense system. Secretary McNamara says he will recommend instead a step-up in U.S. offensive power by replacing Polaris missiles with the new, more sophisticated Poseidon missiles. He feels this is a sufficient answer to the Russian escalation, and that the Chinese threat is far enough in the future to give more time for a decision on a defense system. Congressional leaders are jumpier, however, and a great debate on deployment of Nike-X may be the major preoccupation of the new Congress.

The new arms spiral and the obvious reluctance of *any* nation to limit its sovereignty by international arms control with inspections, and other enforcement provisions showing real teeth, make it difficult to foresee anything but an arms race stretching wearily on. As UN Secretary-General U Thant commented sadly in his recent annual report: "During its twenty-one years of existence, the United Nations—born and raised in the nuclear age—has devoted a great deal of time and discussion to disarmament. The results so far are extremely meager—so meager that it is natural to question to what extent governments and people really understand the effects of the nuclear arms race."

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VERNON NEWTON

NOT POWER

—for Sandro Botticelli

Not power but a proportion
Or prior beauty,

Not beauty but a movement
Utter and effortless

As a sea wave moves, its grace
By law of its ocean,

But not law but an anarchy
In league with love,

She who was shocked from bed waters
To floodcrests of being,

Whose lineaments have beguiled
Becoming, even she

From an outlaw dark who arose
To sheer coronation,

To the ritual of a shell
Foam-borne forever,

Here, seamen, is the harbor
Where our tides are calling,

No beacons here, no clamor
Of charitable bells,

Only the hiss in the coral
Where all proud crafts are broken.

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POEMS FOR CHRISTMAS

PHILIP LEGLER

SEASONAL

It wasn't the manger there,
The child crying, its parents stooped in the light,
Or the frozen kings we'd placed, their gifts brought along,
Or childhood's shepherd watching, playing a tune
As if they were almost certain that night
Was rather special: it wasn't even the star.

It was our being there, being moved
From wherever we'd been, old strangers returning home;
It was ourselves stopped dead in our tracks again
As if, for the moment, alive and believing we'd seen
Something unusual in the room—
Snow falling, falling on fields, that we call love.

DILYS LAING

CAROL TO BE SUNG TO LUTES OR BANJOS

With respects to Piero Della Francesca

The angels strum their lutes and carol.
The ass brays tenor the ox moans bass.
Joseph sits on an upturned barrel.
Shepherds are kneeling all over the place.

Oh everything's gone turn-table,
even the stars run wild.
There's a new little calf in the stable.
They say it's a human child.

The innkeeper's wife, while making the beds up,
hears the news, goes out to check.
The ox and the ass are sticking their heads up
singing like mad. With bended neck

The mother looks at her baby
who laughs on straw soft-piled.
The innkeeper's wife thinks maybe
it's more than a common child.

Oh let all kings come make obeisance
and let all beggars come find their joy.
The world was old, but here's renaissance
come in the shape of a hayseed boy.

Herod fumes at his danger.
Names are gathered and filed.
That carpenter's son in a manger—
they say it's a royal child.

Men and angels shout the sequel.
The morning of the world begins.
Kings and shepherds all are equal,
rose or plum or nut their skins.

When Cain is kind to Abel
the serpent is beguiled.
Love is born in a stable.
They say it's a holy child.

JEAN VALENTINE

GABRIEL

A girl with a body clear as glass
stands in the white light of spring; spring is slow,
a breath . . her eyelids are light as ash.

Joseph dreams,
a globe of mercury scatters and gathers:
the crawling surgical light sways under ether,

bears down and dissolves the world.
Her womb is thickening,
her arms are heavy,

all this has happened before.

Angels with spun-glass angel hair sing
under the tree to the kings from Florence
bringing things to the little tin Mexican bride
with a candle.

Luminous sheep
nudge at the Mother, whose smile gleams
across the still crib. Joseph is nodding
into his dream

no one can know,
and everything will happen.

This is the massacre of the children.

(The Christmas Truce, 1965)

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A Recollection

THE SECRET

TERESKA TORRES

Just before my sixth birthday, my father took me aside at home, to tell me the secret. In the pictures which I have of my father when he was young, which he still was at this period, I can see a very romantic, handsome-looking man with semi-long, dark curly hair, such as only artists wore then. My father was a soft-speaking man with great inner strength under that softness. He told me in that soft serious voice of his, talking to me as he always did, as to an adult and not as to a child, that although I had until then been brought up as Jewish, this Jewishness was not so simple.

We were Jewish—it was true—but we were Catholics too. He had converted to Catholicism while my mother was expecting me, and I had been baptized as a baby. That meant I was Catholic myself. Catholics, he told me, were really like Jews, they believed in the same God, in the same Bible, but there was one difference. The Jews were waiting for the Messiah to come, but the Catholics believed the Messiah had already come, that he was Jesus Christ, the baby in the manger he had shown me in the Louvre, on the blue and gold paintings of Fra Angelico. The man dying on the cross he had also shown me in the same room in the Louvre, in the dark paintings of Giotto. We three, our family, my father said, we were Jewish of Catholic religion.

But this was a secret he had kept for more than six years and which I had to share now with my parents. My grandparents in Poland would have been horrified if they found out and, worse than that, they would have been greatly pained. We could not impose such a sorrow on them. For their sake nobody should know.

At that time of my childhood, I slept under two big French flags I had hung over my bed. That was because my father had come to Paris from Lodz when he was sixteen to study sculpture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Antonin Mercier, a then-famous sculptor forgotten since. But the fact that my father had lived in France ever since, did not make him French in the eyes of the French and neither in my eyes, for I was French-born. It was my great sorrow and his only imperfection, so I had to sleep under those French flags to compensate for my weak nationality—

But now I was no more a real Jew as I was not a real French, neither a real Pole nor a real Catholic.

Still I was proud that my father trusted me and told me such a great secret.

I had also another sorrow, it was to be called Tereska, a definitely un-French name, when Therese would have been such a good name instead.

By this time I was ready for first grade in school. My parents chose the Collège Sévigné as my first school. It was the only school in Paris devoted to the new Montessori method, and perhaps they considered that a child of artists and foreigners belonged in the avant-garde. Or was it a compromise between a convent school and the atheism of the typical lycée? The Collège Sévigné catered mostly to French Protestants, the normal average French family thought its progressive educational ideas far too daring.

Whatever the reasons, I entered the Collège Sévigné in October, when I was six years old, a slim, shy girl, exactly what the only daughter of a foreign sculptor should look like in Paris, and burdened with the strange name of Tereska. I still hoped all this would somehow escape general attention.

I went into a room filled with gongs of various sizes, and with huge letters of the alaphabet made out of the same rough paper on which one strikes matches, and with "feeling samples" of different types of cloth like velvet, felt and cotton.

I wasn't there for more than five minutes when the teacher came in, holding a little girl by the hand. I really had not had a chance; five minutes and here was the teacher saying to me: "Teres*ka*, (with the accent put in her French way on the last syllable) Teres*ka*, here is another little Polish girl; you two can be friends." I gave one black look at that other "little Polish girl" and she in turn looked at me with venom. If nothing else was going to bind us, certainly there was one sure bond already: our common hatred of being called "Polish." I could see that, in her angry dark eyes. We turned our backs on each other and tried to concentrate on the bells, the alphabet, the materials. The teacher did not insist.

That same day I met Sonia (her name was even worse than mine, I thought) in a long empty corridor of the Collège Sévigné. We both stopped, looked at each other and then, with an identical movement, we threw ourselves on each other. In absolute silence we bit and scratched and kicked for five minutes. Then, still in a perfect accord of satisfied hatred we withdrew, parted and left.

That whole winter, Sonia and I never even looked at

TERESKA TORRES *has published short stories and novels. Her forthcoming novel,* The Couple, *will be published by Dell.*

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each other. We ignored each other totally.

It was at that time that I was introduced at home to a friend of my parents whom I had not yet met. He was a tall, blonde young man, who carried his head like a burden, always bent to one side of his shoulder.

"This is Olivier," my father said. "Now that you are six, you must start to study your religion and make your first communion. Because of our secret I can't send you to the catechism classes held in the churches, with all the other children preparing for their communion, so Olivier is going to teach you here at home. He also will be your Godfather at your confirmation."

Olivier smiled, and I liked him at once.

Every week, Olivier came to instruct me. He was about twenty-seven years old then. He was studying Sanskrit, and he told me he had been in India where he had met a great saint called Gandhi. Gandhi was not a Catholic saint, neither was he a Jewish saint; Gandhi was a Buddhist saint. God was called by many names, said Olivier, but He was always the same God.

Olivier also gave me a ring which had belonged to an Indian princess. It had rubies and emeralds on it, the colors of India, and I decided that such a ring could only be magic. So I put it on my finger, and each time I wanted something very much, I turned the ring on my finger and said my wish, and each time the wish came true—because it was a magic ring.

One winter day I was in a tramway and suddenly I wanted terribly to see the snow fall. I turned my ring and prayed for snow, and before I had even stepped down from the tram, there was a beautiful heavy silent snow falling all over.

Olivier told me about the life of Jesus in Palestine, and about Jerusalem, about Nazareth and Bethlehem and the Sea of Galilee. He explained to me about the Host I was going to receive in me, he taught me the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria and the Confiteor.

At night I remember awaking in my warm bed and whispering to myself: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem." The words sounded so beautiful, so magical. They belonged with my ring, and with Saint Gandhi in far away India.

A few months passed. My father too was preparing me for my communion, but he had chosen to teach me the Bible. He bought me a beautiful Bible that year for Christmas. I still see it standing under my Christmas tree —I still have it. It's a Bible illustrated in "Images d'Epinal," those old-fashioned charming illustrations in color, at the same time skillful and primitive, which were very much in fashion around 1880 or 1900, and which are again very much in vogue today in France.

So I learned about Adam and Eve, Abraham, Isaac, Moses, David, Saul, Elijah, the Maccabees, all the way to the birth of Jesus.

After those few months Olivier declared I was ready and that I could be confessed for the first time and go to communion. But there was one thing, he told me—before confessing I had to ask forgiveness of anybody I could have offended. If I had any enemy or somebody I had not been nice to, I had to ask his or her pardon. Then only could I take communion with a clear heart, without malice or hatred in me. I pondered and pondered over this. Yes, there was one person who had been my enemy. It was Sonia, the girl in first grade. I had hated her, I had bitten her and scratched her and kicked her one day and I had never spoken a kind word to her since. I felt myself a great sinner and decided to change this situation at once. The next day in school, during recreation, I approached Sonia. I offered her my hand and I said solemly: "Please excuse me for that time in the corridor, and let's be friends."

To my astonishment Sonia threw herself in my arms.

After that we became inseparable. I went to confession, told the priest all my sins and was pardoned. Then came The Day.

I had often seen little girls all dressed in white going to church, along the lanes of chestnut trees. It was generally in spring and the chestnuts were in bloom. Their blossoms looked just like big candles, all over the trees.

Most little girls wore white short veils and short white dresses, and carried white rosaries and a white prayer book. They walked gravely, with rosy cheeks and downcast eyes, but when they met somebody on the way, they raised their eyes with pride, knowing they were so pretty in their white dresses.

So it was for the youngest girls. Afterwards, I knew, there was the *"communion solennelle"* when you were eleven or twelve—and then you were dressed like a bride. You had a long dress and a long veil which clouded you in white.

But on my first communion day my mother put on me —yes, a white dress, but a very simple ordinary white dress. It could have been any white summer dress. It did not have that "special" look. Then she put my everyday coat on top of my dress, so I wouldn't be cold. And in the street my father called a taxi. I wasn't going to walk in the streets of Paris in a white dress carrying a white rosary and a white prayer book with a veil on my hair. Nobody could see me—nobody must see me.

Quickly, the taxi took us to a church. It wasn't a real first communion day with hundreds of little girls and boys in white. It was just a Sunday, any Sunday, when people went to Mass. They didn't look at me. I went to the rail between my father, my mother and Olivier to take communion.

After the Mass I remember we did stop for a minute on the way home. My mother had to buy something in a boulangerie. While she went in, I waited in the street and a little girl came out of the boulangerie and stared at me.

So I quickly opened my coat. I didn't say anything, I just opened my coat, so at least she could see my white dress.

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My life was the same after that, except that now Sonia was my best and my only friend. We saw each other every Thursday and Sunday, playing in each other's houses. We told each other everything, all our secrets, but one. My secret of course I could not tell her. Then one Thursday afternoon, while we were playing our usual game—masquerading in our mothers' dresses and becoming princesses—Sonia told me her secret.

She was Jewish, but wanted to become a Catholic. She was even scared to tell me, it seemed to her such an extraordinary wish. But she had had a maid once, who took her to church and told her about Jesus. Sonia liked the churches and the story of Jesus. And she wanted to know what I thought of her great wish.

We were about eight-years-old then. I didn't say anything to Sonia, but I felt I couldn't stand it anymore. I went to my father, told him what Sonia had said and begged him to let me tell her the truth.

It was characteristic of my father that he agreed. He trusted his life's secret to two eight-year-old girls, because he considered that I had a right to tell the truth about myself to my best friend.

And not a word ever came out of Sonia for the next four years. But knowing about each other, we had an orgy of religiosity.

Among other practices we put pebbles in our sandals to mortify ourselves, as in the Saints' lives we read about. We stopped astonished priests in the streets to ask them to bless us, but the French clergy always had a traditional attitude of common sense in religion—*"bon sens"* and balance. So it was with some misgivings that they viewed these two little girls, one with long, blond hair, one with short, dark hair, kneeling on the sidewalk near a convent door, and more than once we were advised to run and play.

They couldn't know that we had to be *"plus catholique que le Pape,"* and that we had to sleep under French flags.

Sonia never said a word about our secret, but one day I had a narrow escape.

That summer when I was about eight years old, we went to Poland to visit my maternal grandparents.

My father was busy preparing an exhibition of his latest sculptures done in Paris, and my mother was helping him.

One evening I was alone with my grandmother. I had just had a bath and I was standing naked in the bathroom on a stool, while my grandmother was drying me with a towel.

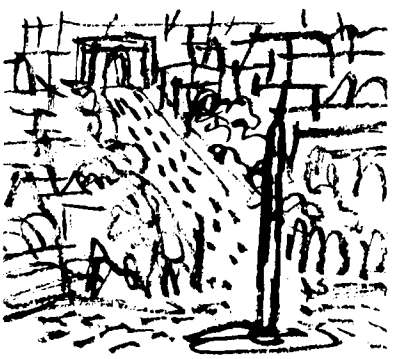
I do not know what suddenly got into me, then. Was it the warmth of the bathroom, or a special moment of love for my grandmother? My grandmother was very small and all round. Standing on that high stool I must have felt so much bigger than her and maybe even wiser. Anyway at that moment I wanted to show her my love, to give her something, something important in order to show my love. What had I that was really important?

Nothing—only a secret.

I said: "Baba, you know I have a secret, do you want to know my secret?" She smiled and said in Polish: "Sure, darling, what is it, your secret?"

It was an awful moment. I stood there, all naked, except for that secret burning its way out of me. I repeated: "It's a secret, a big secret, I am not supposed to tell you," and I waited, terrified.

She said: "Come on now, put on your night gown, you will catch cold. What's all this about your big secret?"



Another dreadful moment passed. I was now in the middle. I could choose to desert my parents or desert my grandmother. I could hurt my parents or hurt my grandmother. I could open my lips and utter that secret and be delivered from it, or . . . or what?

I stood there shivering and my grandmother passed my night gown over my head.

My head emerged out of the night gown. It had passed, the moment had passed, I was saved, I hadn't said anything. I put on my slippers and my grandmother left the bathroom, forgetting at once all about my secret.

I was never so relieved in my life.

We came back to Paris. Four years followed during which my friendship with Sonia grew even more. As a matter of fact we did not have any other friends than each other. We saw each other in school every day and we stayed always together and alone together during the "recreation." We visited each other's houses after school and on Sundays.

My influence on Sonia's religiosity also grew. We were always praying, discussing God, the Gospels. Sonia and I did not speak about this to our parents. And especially Sonia, who was scared of having her parents know that she wanted to convert.

She had a small paper box in her room which, at one time, had contained stationery. In that box which locked with a key, we made a secret altar. We decorated the inside with holy images of the Virgin, of Jesus, of Saints. We hung crucifixes and rosaries and medals all around. We had tiny candles like those used on birthday cakes which we were carefully lighting when we opened the box behind the closed doors of Sonia's bedroom. And we knelt and prayed in front of our little church.

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Then one day, when we were twelve, I had been out to a movie, when I came home I found my parents pale and shaken. My father told me that Sonia's father had just left. He had come in a rage. He had discovered the box in Sonia's room, and Sonia in tears had confessed that I had helped her decorate it. I had a terrible influence on his daughter, he had said, he had forbidden Sonia to ever see me again, and had asked my father to swear that I would never see his daughter again.

"Because of our secret," my father said, "you must never see her; I know this will be very hard for you both but Sonia must obey her father. I gave my word that you will not see her until you are grown up, then you can do what you want."

I cried a lot. I had lost my only friend, my best friend, my sister, my companion since I was seven years old.

I cried and cried and my father's gentle hand on my head could not console me.

Then I said: "But, Papa, I *can't* never see her again without at least saying good-bye to her, I must at least once say good-bye."

And my father said: "I can't let you, I gave my word you won't ever see her again."

So I said: "Then, Papa, please just come with me up to her house and I will take a piece of chalk and I will write 'good-bye' to her on the pavement in front of her house." My father agreed.

We went hand in hand in the Paris streets. I carried in my fist a piece of chalk. In front of Sonia's house I bent and wrote in very big letters on the pavement "Tereska is telling you good-bye."

Then my father and I went home.

TWO APPEALS: Sister Xavier of Madras needs a Volkswagen ambulance to serve as a Mobile Clinic and provide needy outpatients with clean water, a medicine chest and a place to sit during treatment protected from the flies. Total cost is $3,000. Gifts may be sent through Catholic Relief Services-NCWC., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001 or by international bank draft directly to Mother Teresa, 54A Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, India, and marked for Sister Xavier (Airmail: 25¢).

Mother M. Elisabeth of Bihar, North India, has had to suspend building an orphanage (*Commonweal*: Sept. 23) because of the famine there. She has 300 boarders to feed, 150 day-pupils depending on the school for their one meal a day and "hundreds of hungry poor whom we would like to give at least one meal a week." It is necessary to buy rice for the winter before dwindling stocks give out. International money orders purchased at U.S. post offices are delivered in two or three weeks: Mother M. Elisabeth, Ursuline Convent, P.O. Gumla, Ranchi Dt., Bihar, India.

OTHER PEOPLE'S FASCISTS

THE STAGE

Every country has its own style in fascists. No doubt, a touch of sadism makes them all kin at some point, but for dramatic purposes they are always distinctive provincial types: local demi-urges who don't travel well, who don't, in fact, make even the minimum of sense away from their own groves and hearths. Hitler, the prototype, seemed just plain silly at a distance and so does the Grand Kleagle. With the worst will in the world, it is next to impossible to dig other people's fascists.

And this is the trouble with "Hail Scrawdyke," an analysis of the fascist temperament which was received with stunned huzzahs, or whatever, in England and which had no impact at all over here. The model for an English fascist situation always turns out to be a school or nursery—places where tyranny is or was allowed to run almost unchecked over there—and this simply doesn't grip with American audiences.

In "Hail Scrawdyke" we appear for a few moments to be getting something different. A group of burly, newthing lads are in revolt against the local art school. Remembering our Alan Sillitoe, we assume that this bunch will have no truck with the childhood obsessions of the ruling classes. Their revolt may be played for laughs, but it will have some real meat on it.

But, just as Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger" winds up talking baby-talk to his wife, so do Scrawdyke and his pals beat a quick retreat to middle-class infancy. They form a Nazi party all right, but what a Nazi party! The closest parallel would be a group of 11-year-olds painting a skull-&-crossbones on their treehouse. And the object of their revolt is a pure nursery-game—to embarrass the headmaster, yet, and then to take over the whole of England!

No doubt the point of all this is that the fascist-impulse is childish. But to have any real bite to it, this childishness has to connect with some childish strain in the observer: some crazy fear papered over with some impossible dream of glory. In art as in life, a successful dictator must share a childhood with his audience—which is why he has to be a local boy.

As it is, we have to sit through a couple of hours while this fellow Scrawdyke gets even with his headmaster. Enroute, another theme emerges of somewhat more interest. It seems that young Scrawdyke, like young Hitler, is scared of girls. And the worse things go in this department, the bigger his plans become for the Great Uprising.

Well, it isn't much, but it's something. If his sexual impotence could be matched, as Hitler's was, by hysterical political potence, we would have a little something to ponder. But alas, our boy poops out when it comes to

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political action too, so that in the end he is fit for nothing at all except, possibly, the writing of plays. The lesson seems to be that there are more would-be Hitlers around than you'd believe.

I'd believe it.

With this type of play, the production is bound to seem like one of those undergraduate romps out of Cambridge. But this one is blessed with two good performances. One, almost perfect, by Tim Preece as a dubious camp-follower who uses his adenoids as a last line of defense, and the other by Austin Pendleton, who is fine most of the way, but comes unstuck in the inevitable unfair-trial scene. (A yarn about petty tyranny that did not contain this scene would be one scene ahead of the game.) (*Closed at the Booth*)

You can tell, after hearing just a few lines of Woody Allen's, that this is an authorized wit speaking and not a mere smith, or monger, of jokes. There is something about his phrasing, as there was about George S. Kaufman's—a similar spareness and precision—that acts as a royal seal. So I was surprised, on retrospecting "Don't Drink the Water," to find that most of the lines weren't actually funny at all—that I had been conned, or half conned, by the gold-plated tone. (Possibly Kaufman's gags evaporated in the same way.)

Outside of that, Mr. Allen's play is much broader and more obvious than it need be. Gag-writers who turn their hand to legitimate plays should be reminded from time to time that you cannot *fit* 50 million viewers into a Broadway theater, so there is no point in trying to suit them. One especially unhappy feature of this transylvanian trifle is that it is actually Kitschier and more suburban than Mr. Allen's movies. I would hate to think that he knows what he is doing. (*At the Morosco*)

WILFRID SHEED

MORE ON MORE

THE SCREEN

Perhaps I was a reviewer of little faith in producer-director Fred Zinnemann during the first twenty minutes of "A Man for All Seasons." We are shown scenes of extraordinary beauty in the lovely color photography of Ted Moore, scenes that have the quality of a magnificent pageant as Cardinal Wolsey's letter is taken by messenger on the Thames from Hampton Court to Sir Thomas More's manor in Chelsea. And at the manor we are introduced in a merry family gathering to More, his wife and daughter, his good friend the Duke of Norfolk, the job-seeking young Richard Rich, and several others including Matthew the household steward. The Cardinal's letter is a summons to come at once. And we make the return trip, gliding on the Thames in the attractive scenery to Hampton Court where Wolsey (made enormously fat as Orson Welles fills the screen in his handsome scarlet robe) expresses his displeasure with More for More's unwillingness, flat refusal, in fact, to intercede with the Pope to declare King Henry's marriage to Catherine null. The argument ends in a stalemate; but we know Wolsey will fight for Henry VIII who wants to marry his mistress, Anne Boleyn; and we know Thomas More is a man of high principle who will follow his conscience. And then once again we are rowed on the Thames in all that pretty, colorful scenery—back to the Chelsea manor where the stern Catholic father refuses to allow William Roper to marry Margaret More if Will continues his heretical beliefs.

Along about this time I was convinced that Fred Zinnemann was turning Robert Bolt's thoughtful stage play into an elaborate pageant about sixteenth-century England. I was wrong of course; and I should have realized that the maker of such outstanding films as "The Search," "The Men," "High Noon," "From Here to Eternity," "The Nun's Story," "The Sundowners," and others was a man of high purpose and integrity and was more interested in the drama of people than in easy though handsome spectacle. Quite rightly in his direction of "A Man for All Seasons," Zinnemann is taking his time and setting the stage for the circumstance and inner drama that is to come, a drama that is not so much a conflict between King Henry who divorces Catherine, marries Anne, and makes himself head of the Church in England, and Thomas More who refuses to swear to the Act of Succession, as it is a drama about a man's conscience. Perhaps because Zinnemann develops this drama so slowly and carefully, it becomes all the more forceful when it gets to its final scenes in the Tower, at the trial and on the scaffold.

Robert Bolt wrote the screenplay from his stage play and while he changed it some, he still uses, as he did in the play, many speeches stemming from More's own words. The play's Common Man is missing from the film —but not entirely; on the stage the Common Man played several roles, the household steward, the jailor, the executioner, which are now played by several actors. And the Common Man's ideas are there. And so are many of More's. Paul Scofield is so good in expressing them that they seem to originate right then and there from the man. Scofield's performance throughout comes as close to perfection as any seen and heard in the movies. One is convinced that this More is a gentle man, a loving father, a wise teacher, a devout Catholic, an honest lawyer who could say, "I give the devil benefit of law for my own safety's sake," and could explain to his daughter that she may be able to take the oath Henry is demanding with, "God made man to serve Him wittily in the tangle of his mind." More's speeches at the trial (especially in defending himself and upbraiding Rich for perjury) are magni-

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cent and are magnificently spoken by Scofield.

While Scofield's More is the center of "A Man for All Seasons," the many other characters are also well played: Wendy Hiller's less-than-brilliant More's wife who just doesn't understand why More can't take the oath; Leo McKern's malevolent Thomas Cromwell who tries again and again to trap More; Robert Shaw's Henry VIII, a fine departure from the old Laughton portrayal, as a younger, petulant, bullying despot; Nigel Davenport's Norfolk, upper-class symbol but still More's good friend until More breaks the friendship for Norfolk's sake; Susannah York's intelligent Margaret More who understands her father; Corin Redgrave's Will Roper, certainly a devoted son-in-law; and last, but by no means least in this large good cast, John Hurt's Richard Rich, the young opportunist who betrays More, a mean man whose berating is well deserved.

Interestingly enough, the movie version of "A Man for All Seasons" is even better than the original play. Scofield, directed by Zinnemann, has succeeded in making More a saintly man, a warm, human, fun-loving man who is still a saint, a man indeed for all seasons who died "the King's good servant, but God's first." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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JOSEPH PINTAURO

THE PRIEST AS MANY THINGS INCLUDING KINGS AND SURF BUFFS

Stitch holes of a
drawn green rectory paper shade
become nine hundred tiny suns announcing
the giant light of a window to
a small dark room.

Four o'clock Sunday . . . thunder
down three flights of dusty rug
down to the windy Jordan where
the gull is wild and our hair will be blowing.

Across the parking lots of woodies and
ancient waiting hearses
to the ocean edge
comes in black the young barefoot. . . . Jesus
he never saw Tropez or playa La Condessa
yet he touches the water and a dark-eyed
woman with naked child at breast
leans back and laughs at the sun,
a wipeout springs a green Hobie
a momentary leaf into the sky.

It is quickly done.
Back in the room of the tiny suns
mark it four-thirty.

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BOOKS

The urban crisis and the unmaking of William Buckley

The Unmaking of a Mayor
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.
Viking, $6.95

PAUL GOODMAN

According to himself, a chief purpose of William Buckley's campaign for Mayor of New York was to defeat John Lindsay, in order to strengthen the "conservative" power in the Republican Party. Buckley, thus, is at pains to prove that Lindsay as a Congressman was "a fairly regular Democrat, with a discernible bias to the left." He proves more than he intends. Lindsay tried to stall the bomb-testing; he tried to abolish HUAC; he was, in 1960, for the admission of Red China; he tried to ease loyalty clearance; he tried to curb the CIA, etc. Would that either regular or liberal Democrats, or Kennedy or Johnson, had had these positions; Buckley ridicules Lindsay's claims to the Civil Rights legislation; but in fact Kastenmeier, Lindsay, and a couple of others did rebel and produce a strong bill that RFK, sent to stymie it, had to compromise with.

The election of Lindsay is more simply explicable than Buckley thinks. The fall of '65 was *after* the general appalling realization that Johnson was more dangerous than Goldwater — Goldwater would at least have been credible; and it was *before* the widespread backlash of '66. At this juncture, both intellectuals and decent persons of ordinary common sense wanted something that was not Goldwater *or* Johnson. Beame ran as a Democrat, supported by Kennedy, Humphrey, and (grudgingly) Johnson; Buckley was evidently Goldwater or worse. By running, Buckley made the picture clear and probably contributed to Lindsay's election in an overwhelmingly Democratic city. (Of course we must remember that Buckley scored little more than Gerosa had four years earlier, and surely got most of the same votes, suburban petty bourgeois and cops.)

It is reasonable to take Lindsay's election as a harbinger of the Republican recovery in 1966, except that we must add the backlash as another factor. The anti-"liberal" sentiment has continued to mount, against the lies, the war, the token social-engineering in the cities. Unfortunately, candidates like Percy, Rockefeller, or Romney did not offer much to prefer—but Hatfield and Case were more Lindsayish. Writing this book before November 1966, Buckley ended with the bad guess that the Republicans were doomed unless they pursued his course; but as of today even Romney could beat Johnson.

I do not mean by these remarks that the Americans are becoming radical, but that Buckley does not understand their conservatism. He ridicules Mike Harrington's remark that Lindsay is a "sophisticated conservative," but he should take it more seriously. After all, Harrington learned political theory in the real school of left-wing factional debate, whereas Buckley learned his twitting at Yale. I take it that Mike is thinking of some one like Disraeli—not, let me hasten to say, that I have any evidence that Lindsay is as bright as Disraeli, but brightness is not essential for a good conservative, rather decency and earnestness, which Lindsay has.

In any case, Lindsay's positions *have* been sophisticated conservatism: strengthening the UN, admitting China, raising the minimum wage, strong Civil Rights, etc.—these speak for world stability, individual dignity, moderate isolationism, civil liberties, less social engineering, more public goods, and *joie de vivre*, all wrapped in a genteel respectability and paternalism. All that is lacking is agrarianism, which I hope Lindsay will come to.

A similar sophisticated conservative is Robert Theobald and his guaranteed income, whom Buckley would no doubt also consider radical. In my opinion, Burke in his prime would have approved these directions. Coleridge would have regarded them as the proper present conservative stability and modesty to counter liberal riskiness and expansion. On the contrary, so-called "conservatives" like Goldwater and Buckley are wild laissez-faire radicals, unbridled technologists, punitive legalists, and international adventurers. But in our modern over-extended conditions, any cutting back, e.g. in imperialism or the abuse of technology, looks radical. And the beautiful conservative drive of community spirit seems to exist mainly in the Southern Negroes and beatniks.

The very large part of Buckley's book devoted to attacks, counter-attacks, and complaints of shabby treatment during the campaign, cannot profitably be reviewed here, at least not by me. Rather, let me use the rest of my space to comment on a few of his practical proposals for New York, which were sometimes naggingly in the area of real solutions but were usually betrayed by not being organic (conservative) enough, and were made unpalatable by being punitive ("conservative").

He proposes that welfare payments be "made available elsewhere" and he is right, for a crowded city is a poor environment for people who do not cope well, it is too complicated and expensive. And he is right when he wants to cut back on the excessive urbanization altogether. Unfortunately, he at once goes on to say "in areas established as great and humane rehabilitation centers"—which was hostilely interpreted as meaning concentration camps, the extreme of centralized social engineering. But the interpretation was accurate, for have not the Job Camps for drop-outs been just what he proposed? And they are concentration camps. Similarly, he proposes to cut back on urbanization by residency requirements, etc. Very different would be the *conservative* handling of these ideas: to combat the enclosure system (chain grocers and plantations) which compels em-

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igration from the land; to use city capital (because that's where the money is) for rural reconstruction; to equip farms and villages to help with urban problems; and to attract people to underpopulated regions where they can cope better. The conservative attitude is not to exclude and make difficult, but to rearrange resources for everybody's advantage.

Similarly, his proposals to put able-bodied reliefers to work are punitive and wrong-headed. We should be pleased that we have available hands to do needed public work. The work should be worthwhile and the conditions excellent, so as to attract any decent person, for instance middle-class college-age youth who now go off to school too soon; under these circumstances, we could speak of jobs for reliefers.

Similarly, "The idea of private watchmen as an alternative to rising theft and assault is sound, but reimbursing the communities that hire them out of the tax funds . . . is awesomely difficult." Here again he betrays a sound conservative insight by thinking repressively. What shall we say of the astounding proposition that "the primary purpose of courts of justice is to assert the demands of the public order, by meting out convincing punishment to those who transgress it"? I should have thought it was the purpose of the police to maintain the King's Peace and of the courts to secure justice; and I doubt that many penologists would agree that punishment diminishes crime, though it seems to be necessary to satisfy the thirst for vengeance.

But the conservative position, I think, would be not to maintain public (bourgeois) order at all costs, but to preserve the King's Peace according to the mores of each locality, in order to diminish tension so life can go on. For this, the simplest expedient would be not to underwrite vigilantes, but to make the municipal force consist of locals who would police misdemeanors according to local standards—e.g. they would condone numbers in Harlem and anti-sexuality in Queens. (This does not apply to serious felonies, which belong to the general community of citizens.) Such local-based policing would diminish tension, would obviate Review Boards, and might help with some crimes. Its greatest advantage would be to decrease graft, which is inevitable in trying to enforce the morally unenforceable, and thereby to enhance respect for law. (In the recent debate on the Police Review Board in New York, it was odd, though not surprising, that neither side mentioned graft. My cynical opinion is that 100% of the police opposition to the Board was that it would eventually become a channel for complaint by irate graft-givers.)

So, also, Buckley toys with the idea of free subways like free sidewalks, but he finally plumps for an increased "economic" fare, for metering of water with the meters installed at private expense, and so forth. Here again, in the interest of petty-bourgeois privatism and bourgeois business-methods, he misses the conservative insight of the public domain: the infra-structure of society consists of natural monopolies which were mainly financed by the past and whose present upkeep is a general obligation. The problem of individual misuse, e.g. wasting water, has to be met by the sentiment that the community is one's own; and indeed, with regard to saving water, New Yorkers did cooperate handsomely, as they usually do when the chips are down and when the officials are honest about the situation.

On traffic congestion, he understands that the only solution is to cut back on the cars, and he sees that the cars are foreign to the spirit and function of cities anyway. But his expedient is merely to ban the cars at certain hours rather than organically planning toward a simpler structure with fewer cars. Thus, he cannot plan for new public transportation, express busses, a system of electric taxis, and—most important—a use for the streets when freed of traffic, e.g. for recreation and urban renewal without dislocation and disruption of neighborhoods. That is, he sometimes sees the obvious (which is already a rare thing), but he never thinks philosophically. Therefore his campaign was not educational.

On the same subject of traffic, he has a jolly proposal to diminish the cars by encouraging bicycles. I wonder if he knows about the White Bike movement of the Provos in Amsterdam, which had the same purpose, except that the Provos also painted their bikes white and left them unlocked to be used by anybody needing a ride, the new rider leaving them available in turn. The Provos are long-haired spirited radical youth of the type that Bill Buckley likes to call mincing, unidealistic, and too cowardly to

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Jerusalem Bible. Doubleday. $16.95.

At long last, this much-cited fresh translation of the Bible is now available in English. It could hardly come at a more timely moment: just when the Bible is beginning to make a thorough and profound impact on the Church as a whole (and not just on the biblical scholars). Even at its (understandably) high price, *The Jerusalem Bible* is well worth having.

A History of Philosophy. Vol. VIII. By Frederick Copleston, S.J., Newman Press. $8.50. This latest volume in Father Copleston's *History of Philosophy* may well have the widest appeal of all. Among other things it covers the Utilitarian Movement, British and American Idealism, American Pragmatism and, finally, G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell. There is an appendix on Cardinal Newman. All in all, a very valuable book.

Pain and Providence. By Ladislaus Boros. Helicon. $3.50. The problem of evil and the problem of human suffering are, to say the least, critical. Father Boros' small book concentrates primarily on human suffering. It is well worth looking at for anyone who has not worked through these problems (and has anyone?).

The Church Renewed. By Peter J. Riga. Sheed & Ward. $5.50. Father Riga's book is meant as a "general guide" to *The Constitution on the Church* of Vatican II. Since that *Constitution* was surely one of the most important of the Council, Father Riga's book provides a helpful amount of insight into its meaning and significance.

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drop napalm-bombs on children. (Incidentally, the white bikes succeeded fine till the cops arrested people for leaving private property unlocked.)

In brief, these are examples of how Buckley betrays good conservative impulses by lace curtain respectability and the attendant savagery, by petty bourgeois privatism and bourgeois cash-accounting, by literal rationalism rather than a philosophical view of the whole, and by a certain school-mistress pedantry that is all his own. On the other hand, he is often good boyish fun, which *is* conservative.

Love's Body

NORMAN O. BROWN

Random House, $5.95

MARTIN GREEN

This book is a continuation of *Life Against Death*, written over the seven years since the publication of that remarkable work. During those years Norman Brown has become even more committed to a system of ideas that rejects all the systems that are admitted into our orthodoxy, including all the decorums of discourse. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, since he remains on speaking terms with us, but they are very much his own terms, which most serious readers will not accept. He speaks this time as Sybil, in enigmatic fragments, symbolic and portentous, sometimes only a few words long, but each with a miniature bibliography at the end. This method he calls aphoristic. Aphorism, he says, is exaggeration. It is the road of excess which leads to the palace of wisdom. It is truth as fragments, not as systematic forms or methods. Intellect is sacrifice of intellect, or fire; which burns up as it gives light.

No one should need telling, at this date, that Norman Brown is a brilliant man, and comic though this manner sometimes seems, many of the aphorisms are very striking; and the whole enterprise comes off. The main line of thought seems clear enough (some pages baffled me). We are at present in Satan's kingdom; to build a Heaven in Hell's despite is to eroticize reality. To do that we need to be reborn in the body, to be resurrected with a sexuality no longer genitally organized. Genitality is the source of all heroic individualism, all representative politics, all personality, and therefore also of all boundaries; that between good and bad, that between mine and thine, that between me and thee; dividing emotions, dividing property, dividing persons. Personality is a form of property. All these dilemmas can be escaped by those willing to give up personality.

On the whole this book does not seem to me to present so formidable a challenge as *Life Against Death*. Perhaps that is because I am so much more familiar now with the categories of post-Freudian thought than I was seven years ago; which is largely *because* of *Life Against Death*. But it did seem to me clearer in this new book that Professor Brown was using Christian categories with a wantonness that made their effect purely rhetorical. And there is a lot *more* Christian language this time, and a lot more of other kinds of language whose effect is equally superficial. There is, for instance, political language; political and fleshly emancipation are said to be one and the same thing; and we can't feel we have learned anything precise when we are told that the true form of unification can be found in psychoanalysis and in Christianity; in Freud, Marx and Pope John; and the secret turns out to be that we are all members of one body. We are bound to feel put at our ease, able to settle back and pick and choose, sure of our rights as an audience.

We would be foolish, however, to think that Professor Brown has given up serious claims on our attention because he has taken on the role of punster and has allowed himself other liberties that seriousness usually forbids itself. *Love's Body* is a modern *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Professor Brown is affiliating himself to a major line of 19th- and 20th-century prophets, Nietzsche, Carlyle, D. H. Lawrence, oddest of all, Emerson. All of these were practitioners of the aphorism, the gnomic saying, in richly odd diction, swinging ambiguously between the comic and the tragic, the prophet's personality strenuously swelling and strainfully collapsing in a self-mocking grimace. We have not had one of these wild men for some time, but we should be able to recognize him. Norman Brown has the same apocalyptic imagery, fire, resurrection, the judgment, the body, and a very similar apocalyptic message. There is even a native American tradition he belongs to. Emerson would have understood Professor Brown, and so would Whitman.

But it is from Marshall McLuhan that Professor Brown has most immediately borrowed his manner. He quotes largely

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from *The Gutenberg Galaxy* on the aphoristic method, and clearly imitates it. Professor Brown is indeed better at aphorisms than Professor McLuhan. He has more verbal talent; he avoids that tinny Madison Avenue resonance which spoils much of McLuhan—or at least limits his range, makes him too crudely the jester, makes us refer him back to himself. This book confirms what I had suspected, the natural alliance between McLuhan and the literary post-Freudians —from Norman Brown to Susan Sontag, with her crusade against the interpretation of art, for aesthetic formalism. Like them, McLuhan is instinctively apolitical and implicitly on the side of "new sensory mixes" and indeed new psychological mixes; his manner is, as Professor Brown discovered, well designed to break through the presuppositions of serious and systematic discourse; and his formula, "The medium is the message" means, among other things, that content can be ignored in favor of form.

18 Stories

HEINRICH BOLL

McGraw-Hill, $4.95

BRUCE COOK

One of Roberto Rossellini's less memorable efforts was a film which presented a surpassingly bleak picture of Germany in 1945 entitled "Germany: Year Zero." I find that I have forgotten nearly everything about it except a few images—the dark streets of a bombed-out city, children playing on a brickpile ruin, and the face of a blonde woman, a prostitute. But these, I find from talking with friends who were there at that time, are about all anyone recalls of Germany in 1945. The country and its people were left in a state of nearly complete desolation. For Germany, it was truly Year Zero, the end—but in that end was also a new beginning.

Heinrich Boll, whose career as a writer dates almost precisely from that year of national nadir, has chronicled Germany's new beginning in book after book, story after story. It is not a very pleasant account. Reading through his work from earliest to latest, one gets the distinct impression that Germany's economic success has been bought and paid for in moral currency; as if so many units of economic regeneration have cost so many units of moral degeneration.

The first story in this collection, "Like a Bad Dream," deals explicitly with this equation. The narrator simply tells of a little business kickback deal—which, as it turns out, has been completely worked out for the husbands by the wives. An ordinary situation, the narrator implies, but all the same he is appalled. His wife (he married the boss's daughter) is so realistic, so efficient, so sensible about it all that he realizes that he had hardly known her before. It is for him, as the title says, rather like a bad dream.

This one, like many of the others in the collection, is hardly more than an anecdote. Some are merely situations. All are more or less unreal, as though written—over a period of fifteen years, we are told—in greater or lesser states of hysteria. But that seems to be overstating it, for there is nothing here of the scream in the night or of wild-eyed prophetic babbling. The tone is, rather, of a man sitting in a dark and empty room, recounting in a flat, detached voice a few of his memories and fantasies. The hysteria is not in the style, but in what is told.

The very quality of life described here by Boll is one of unreality and irrationality—even when he is merely describing past events. He tells in "The Post Card," for instance, just what happened on the day he was called up for service in World War II; it is a spare, simple narrative that gains much from what is left unsaid, from what we know has intervened between the events and their telling.

In these "remembered" stories, he rarely permits himself to comment on Hitler and the war and when he does it is only in wry, oblique fashion—as in the story, "My Uncle Fred": "Although we urged him to talk to us about the war, he never did; he said it wasn't worth discussing. The only thing he would do sometimes was tell us about his induction, which seemed to have consisted chiefly of a person in uniform ordering Uncle Fred in a loud voice to urinate into a test tube, an order with which Uncle Fred was not immediately able to comply, the result being that his military career was doomed from the start. He maintained that the German Reich's keen interest in his urine had filled him with considerate distrust, a distrust which he found ominously confirmed during six years of war."

The best of them all is one of Heinrich Boll's most famous stories, "Murke's Collected Silences." In it, we follow a young producer in the *Kulturabteilung* of a radio station as he goes about the task of erasing "God" from the tapes recorded by a pundit who has recently revised his religious views. They substitute the phrase "that higher Being Whom we revere." Replaying the tape, Murke notes that there is in the entire talk not a single pause, not one moment of silence. He was hoping to snip out these scraps and save them for his collection. The recording engineer asks him what he does with this collection of empty scraps and Murke explains: "I splice it together and play back the tape when I'm at home in the evening. There's not much yet, I only have three minutes so far—but then people aren't silent very often." Boll's conclusion, of course, is that they aren't silent nearly often enough.

Translations of these stories by Leila Vennewitz are exceptionally good, true, and smooth.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 335)

with the enemy in Vietnam. That is a valid position, but it should be declared explicitly and honorably documented. It should not be crudely linked to the usual theological terminology—original sin, greater and lesser evil, the will of God—and made to assume a doctrinal force it cannot bear.

ROLAND LAIRD

Huntington, W. Va.

To the Editors: It would be interesting as well as instructive to have Father Schall rewrite his discussion of the morality of war, applying the same reasoning to the birth control problem. He would perhaps be able to explain how a statement like "We have to consider whether a man in

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certain circumstances may only have the choice between two things which are in themselves sinful and whether, therefore, he may not have the duty of selecting to commit the lesser evil" applies to a father of eight with a wife in poor health. It has always been a puzzle to me that Catholic moral theologians apply this reasoning to atomic bombing, napalm, etc., but apply natural-law theology in the strictest way when discussing birth control. Aside from the misery they impose on Catholic families, they earn for themselves the reputation of purveyors of the Catholic "party line."

THOMAS S. O'CONNELL

Pasadena, Calif.

To the Editors: . . . If Father Schall had been listening carefully to such people as Thomas Merton or Gordon Zahn, or such groups as the American Friends or The Catholic Peace Fellowship, he would realize that it is upon Christian and humanitarian values that their protest is based, that their appeal is not at all directed to "peace at any cost"—ending war is not the final good, it is one of the means to achieving or restoring human dignity and values.

That modern pacifists are concerned about preserving values (and mankind) and not about peace at any cost, should be obvious considering the alarm people such as Zahn and Merton have shown for the cooperation of German Christians with the Nazis. Father Schall's argument should have revolved primarily around this point, that is, whether or not it is possible to maintain values using other means of resistance than war, or violence; rather than to have distorted what the movement stands for and then not admit any argument or evidence into his article that would even indicate that modern religious pacifists, or preferably nonviolent resisters, have even considered any alternative other than complete surrender. If he wanted to be fair, he could have admitted Gandhi's movement in India into the picture, or the reasonable success of non-violent resistance against the Nazis in Denmark and Norway, which Ira Sandperl has discussed, but instead he insinuates, using Vichy France as an example, that, historically speaking, pacifism always results in cooperation with evil.

In addition, despite his references to traditional values, somehow or other the whole just war tradition seems to be overlooked (a very curious omission in a discussion of religion and war), unless the third type of "religious mind" called selective pacifists includes those concerned with that tradition. In any case the author seems to have overlooked the pacifist's concern with the apparently total abandonment of Western moral tradition involved not only in the acceptance of nuclear war as a just alternative but in the acceptance of the modern total war. . . .

STUART CASWELL

Kendall Park, N.J.

To the Editors: Father Schall's treatise on "Religion and War" (Nov. 18) is a bit confusing. There may be situations in which force is the best (i.e., only) answer to a problem, but it is not so evident that this is the appropriate answer in Vietnam. Father Schall apparently thinks it is, but he offers nothing but a litany of "probably's" to support his belief. Moreover, his contention that "force can be a means to teach and guide a totalitarian system into the paths of rationality" tends to explain away force rather than justify it. The weakness of force is that it is final but not permanent, and I don't mean that to be clever verbalization. Force is final in that it annihilates rather than persuades. And it is impermanent in that, as history has shown us, it survives its own ashes and indiscriminately offers its services again to whoever is standing by. Perhaps the repetitiveness of force is in keeping with the "reality of original sin"; I would like to think not. On this point, Father Schall's interpretation of God's design for man is so dismal that it does not say much for either God or Man.

THOMAS F. MADER

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REVIEWERS

PAUL GOODMAN is the well-known social critic and novelist. His latest book is *Five Years* (Brussel & Brussel).

MARTIN GREEN is the author of the recently published *The Problem of Boston* (Norton).

BRUCE COOK has contributed fiction and non-fiction to various journals including *The Critic* and *The Nation*.

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THE CLERGYMAN'S DILEMMA

An Education-Action Mobilization

January 31—February 1, 1967—Washington, D.C.

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